

A LESSON FOR LOUIE.

By A. S. C.

Uncle Jack came in one cold morning looking for all the world like a bear, Louie thought, in his big shaggy overcoat. He caught Louie up and gave her a real bear hug, too.

"Hello, Mopsey! where's Popsey?" he asked.

Popsey was Louie's baby sister, two years old, and her name wasn't Popsey any more than Louie's name was Mopsey. But Uncle Jack was all the time calling folks funny names, Louie thought.

"Her gone to sleep," she said.

Then Uncle Jack put his hand in his pocket and made a great rustling with paper for a minute, before he pulled out two sticks of red-and-white candy and gave them to Louie.

"Too bad Popsey's asleep," said he.

But I'm afraid Louie was rather glad of it. She took her little rocking chair and sat down by the window to eat her candy.

"Aren't you going to save one stick for Gracie?" asked mamma. Popsey's real name was Gracie.

"I guess I won't," said Louie, speaking low. "I don't believe candy's good for little mites o' bits of girls. Sides I want it myself."

Just as she swallowed the last bit there came a little call from her bedroom: "Mamma!"

"Hello," said Uncle Jack, "Popsey's awake!"

And in a minute out she came in mamma's arms, rosy and smiling and dimpled.

Then there was another great rustling in Uncle Jack's pocket and pretty soon—

"Here's for Popsey!" said Uncle Jack.

She took two sticks of candy in her dimpled hands and looked at them a second—dear little Popsey! and then she held out the one that was a little longer than the other to Louie.

"Dis for ou," she cooed, "and dis for me."

Poor Louie! the tears rushed into her eyes. She hung her head and blushed. Some how she didn't want to look at Uncle Jack or mamma. Can you guess why?

"Dis for 'ou!" repeated Popsey, cheerfully, pushing the candy into her hand.

"Take it, Louie," said mamma.

And Louie took it. But a little afterward mamma overheard her tell Popsey:

"I won't never be such a pig any more, Popsey Baker. And I's always going to 'vide with you, all the time after this, long's I live."

And mamma said "Amen."—The Youth's Companion.

THE "CANOPHONE."

"How'd you ladies like to have a telephone put in?" inquired Jack Faris, in his most professional tones, of Lucy and Nellie.

Lucy was calling upon Nellie in her new playhouse. Lucy lived next door, and she, too, had a charming playhouse.

"Why, we'd like it ever so much," said the ladies,

politely, when they'd gotten over their surprise at the question.

"Well, I'm in the telephone business, so I thought I'd see what you thought of it," said the man of business, loftily.

"But how can you?" began Nellie, and then she stopped. "Of course we'll both have one put in," she finished.

"Yes, indeed," agreed Lucy, graciously.

"All right," said Jack, and at once went to work. From his pockets he drew a large baking powder can, the ends of which had been removed and paper ones pasted on instead. He quickly ran the end of a ball of twine through holes in the paper ends and tied a knot in one end. Then he fastened the "telephone" or "canophone" on the wall, carried the cord through the window, and ran with the ball across to Lucy's house. There he repeated the program just described. Soon he shouted across the alley: "Go to your 'phone! I'll talk to you."

"Hello!" called Nellie through the can.

"All right!" she heard very plainly in answer when she put her ear to the can.

"Why, you can talk over it like a really, truly 'phone!" exclaimed she.

"Of course; I don't play make-believe games. Only girls do that. Good-bye!" came the rather scornful reply.

The ladies were busily talking over the whole affair when Jack came in with more improvements.

"Here's your receiver," he said, holding up a small can, ends paper covered and with a string tied through. This he tied to the main line, drove two nails to hold it, and the "receiver" was all complete.

"Now, if you had a bell," said Jack, thoughtfully.

"I have," said Nellie, promptly bringing out a small silver tea bell.

Jack tied it on to the telephone line so that a slight jerk would cause it to jingle merrily.

Lucy declared she must go home and hunt up her bell, and Jack following, fixed hers in the same manner.

The two playmates had many merry chats over the "canophone," thanks to Master Jack's inventive skill.—The Child's Gem.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES TO BOYS.

Boys, don't bother about genius and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance, and determination. The best motto for a long march is: "Don't grumble; plug on." You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don't swagger. The boy who swaggers, like the man who swaggers, has little else that he can do. He is a cheap-jack, crying his own paltry wares. It is the empty tin that rattles most. Be honest, be loyal, be kind. Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness. Love the sea, the ringing beach, and the open down. Keep body and mind clean.